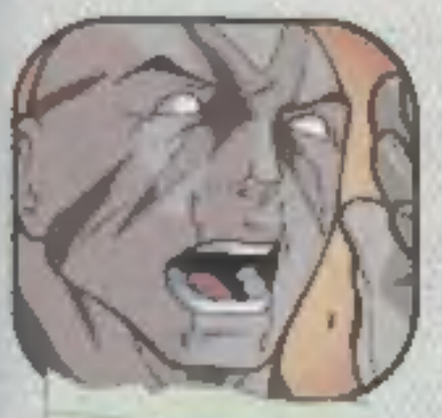
TO MOST, THE LETTER X STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. THE UNDERWORLD IS NO EXCEPTION. FOR PEOPLE WITH EVIL INTENT, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE HIRED GUN WITH NO FAST AND A BURNING DESIRE TO TAKE HIS PLACE AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST AND HIGHEST PAID MERCENARY.

STAN LEE PRESENTS...

AGENT X



ALEX

"SHAMEFUL WILLIAM"

PREVIOUSLY

ALEX HAYDEN'S FEEL-GOOD JOURNAL OF SELF-DISCOVERY

TOP TEN THINGS I LIKE (not in order):

10) Shooting people
9) Hitting people (sometimes after shooting)
8) Washing (hygiene very important)
7) Mary Zero (brave kid)
6) Outlaw (nice to me, soft to touch, shoots people good)
5) Sandi (very excellent)
4) My theme park (even if rides slightly demolished!)
3) Corn Dogs and Corn Dog-related condiments
2) Yentl (VASTLY under-rated performance by Streisand)
1) Not having vast criminal organization trying to kill me (PARTAY!)

We did it. Despite overwhelming odds and likelihood of loud, messy deaths, we (self, Outlaw, Taskmaster) defeated huge group of mercs and freaks! With help from sneaky kid Mary Zero, was able to convince Four Winds organization to back off. One cranky lady with sword chose not to listen. Good-bye, cranky lady with sword!

Last night, after celebrating self into stupor (want to explain that 'celebrating myself' means drinking, and not something dirty), came up with brilliant idea.

This idea is so great, could change merc world forever. Full of high hopes for future. Can't wait to finish small recovery assignment first...should be routine gig. Will try to stay awake and interested despite spending too much time celebrating myself last night (not dirty).

TOP TEN LEAST FAVORITE THINGS

10) Taskmaster
9) Jock itch
8) Rudeness
7) Head wounds
6) Shemp
5) ~~~

So very kind of you to come so promptly, Mr. Hayden. Before you enter, would you sign this, please?
>munch munch chew< Sure, I guess. What is it?
This place looks like Vegas without the buffets.
WAIVER OF ALL RIGHTS
This is to signify that I, Alex Hayden, do waive the right to seek redress of any kind should I develop a case of cooties, swollen glands, or the fiery drips while in the employ of S.W., Inc.
Oh, standard contract, nothing to worry about.
Thank you. Now, when meeting Sir William...
...I must ask you that you not make eye contact, nor should you remove your footwear, and any physical contact of any kind is strictly forbi...
May I ask what that is that you're eating?
Fruit by the Foot. Want some?
Thank you. No.
It's fruity.
All food should come in roll form. Imagine how good Pheasant by the Foot would be.
Right. Now, then, I suggest you take all possible precautions when speaking to my employer, Mr. Hayden, for your own safety.
And above all...

AGENT X
IN
SHAMEFUL WILLIAM
WRITER:
GOODBYE-GAIL SIMONE
ARTIST:
U-AIN'T-LEAVING-SO-SOON-DON
LETTERS:
COBY "SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE" PETIT
EDITOR:
AMBREN "LATER FOR THIS" LIS
EDITOR IN CHIEF:
JOE "SPRING O-LEANING" QUESADA
PRESIDENT:
BILL "CASHING OUT" JEMAS
SPRINKLES
...do nothing to entice him.
?!?!?
Sprinkles!
Someone sprinkle me!

AGENT X in SHAMEFUL WILLIAM

WRITER: GOODBYE-GAIL SIMONE	ARTIST: U-AIN'T-LEAVING-SO-SOON-DON
LETTERS: CORY "SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE" PETIT	EDITOR: ANDREW "LATER FOR THIS" LIS
EDITOR IN CHIEF: JOE "SPRING O-LEANING" QUESADA	PRESIDENT: BILL "CASHING OUT" JEMAS

SPRINKLES

...do nothing to entice him.

?!?!?

Sprinkles!

Someone sprinkle me!

Um. NO, that's okay. You keep it.
I've just decided to give up all rolled foods, in fact.
Unimaginable. To deprive oneself of such bounty!
One's robe, Artemis! One's luxuriant silken robe!
Sir William has a rare... condition, Mr. Hayden. He's an omni-fetishist.
He finds everything... er...exciting.
Have you ever considered that he might just be disgusting?
You!
You defeated all others on the field of battle.
Well, yeah, I...
How wonderful it must be to hit someone in the face!
And now, to the panties!
Um, I kicked some guys when they were down, too.
The imagery! You are a Picasso of pain!
And this other guy? I just grabbed him and punched him 'til he started crying...

And he's all like, stop, stop! And I'm like no way! And he's all "I'm a bleeder!" So I take his throat and start twisting and twisting and...
Your tales of sweaty grappling are boring One, now.
Wait... did you say "Panties?"
Oh, yes...
...One has a panoply of panties!
Also thongs, boxers, briefs, bloomers, g-strings-- undergarments of every size, color and shape. It is a rainbow of unmentionables!
Talk about gratuitous!
Are those... Are those Thor's drawers?
Don't touch those. They're near mint!
The Norse god must have been awfully drunk.
These are never to be touched. Their value would plummet.
What, you [redacted] you plan to sell these to other unfortunate freaks like yourself?
RIP!
Don't be crass. One would never part with any of them.

Two uncomfortable hours later...

You heard me: ***panties.*** I've graduated from monkey gigs to returning stolen underwear.

If only there were some way to ***combine*** the two, now ***then*** you'd have a party video.

Yes, you're right-- I won't mention that idea to Shameful William...

Okay, Alex, but hurry back. your profile is higher than ever right now. Word is spreading.

Suddenly, we've got ***lots*** of paying gigs!

Oh, Outlaw called, too-- says she needs to talk to you.

And your CDs arrived, finally.

Huh. ***That's*** weird.

No, nothing. Check in when you're done there, partner.

We need to schedule some appointments.

It says here that one of these composers was German, and the other was Austrian. Weird.

I love shopping by internet. This Puffy Spice CD is wicked hard to find.

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I need you to... man the crank.
So, this condition... you get all worked up over everything? Literally everything?
The value of a thing is what one makes of it.
So, lawnmowers?
Yes.
Canned ham?
Yes.
Pat Buchanan?
Oh, my, yes.
Cheese slices?
One likes to undress them slowly.
Garage door openers?
So, so functional.
Poodles wearing sweaters?
Don't tempt One!
What about female folk singers? Non-shaving, non-bathing, chai tea-drinking female folk singers?
One adores them! So breathlessly hirsute!
Be careful! Your quarry loves explosive devices!
You could have told me that sooner.
Hey, lower me down more, would ya?
I should perhaps possibly have hypothetically put someone else in charge of the ladder, maybe.

Uh... hey. Hey!
Lower the damn ladder!
Oh, but you're a naughty spool.
Who's a naughty spool?
Why, you're a naughty spool!
I swear to God, if you're up there doing something disgusting with my chair, I'll shoot you good!
Providing I live, I hasten to add!
Oh, well-- it's either jump or smash into the wall, I guess...
Please don't let the roof be rigged to explode.
WHHOOOMPH!
Jeez-- I guess Sir William is turned on by close calls, too!

Inside
WHHHOOOMPH
They're on the roof, dearest darlings.
Go get them hard and fast...
MRS. BUTTER WORTH
2% BUTTER
GLU!
And your beloved mistress shall take the detonator.
So small and so powerful... it makes me quiver.
There's a certain romance about trains, so rumbly and powerful...
What are you doing here? Quit gazing longingly at stuff!
No one ever began a secret attack by gazing longingly at stuff!
Okay, before I go to work, you sure this "Lynda Lodestone" broad is behind this?
She can not resist. She suffers from the same affliction and predilections as One's tingling self.
Hang on...
Do not touch me! Stopppppp!

What?!
No one ever touches me! Never!
You mean you never...you can't even...
You poor dumb dope.
You made your whole life about your squalid little interests, and you can't even touch another human being?
Note to self: Remember to spend some time with Inez. Don't turn into this guy.
GAAAH!
SCHLUK!
Well, hello, William. You've come for [redacted] pretty things, I imagine.

Stop! Make him stop, William, or it's goodbye, Marie Antoinette!
NO!
You fiend! You've removed the protective mylar sleeve that provides long life and protection from the elements!
Mmmm. Protective mylar sleeve.
So snug! The very snuggliest!
No no no!
Fetch, doggie!
Aw, cripes.
"And what did you do today, Alex?"
"I risked death trying to save [redacted] drawers with 18th century stank on 'em, if you must know."

Whew.

Man, those arrow wounds *sting!*

I have the detonator, William. The explosives are in the display case we took from you.

If I can't have them, no one will. Least of all *you.*

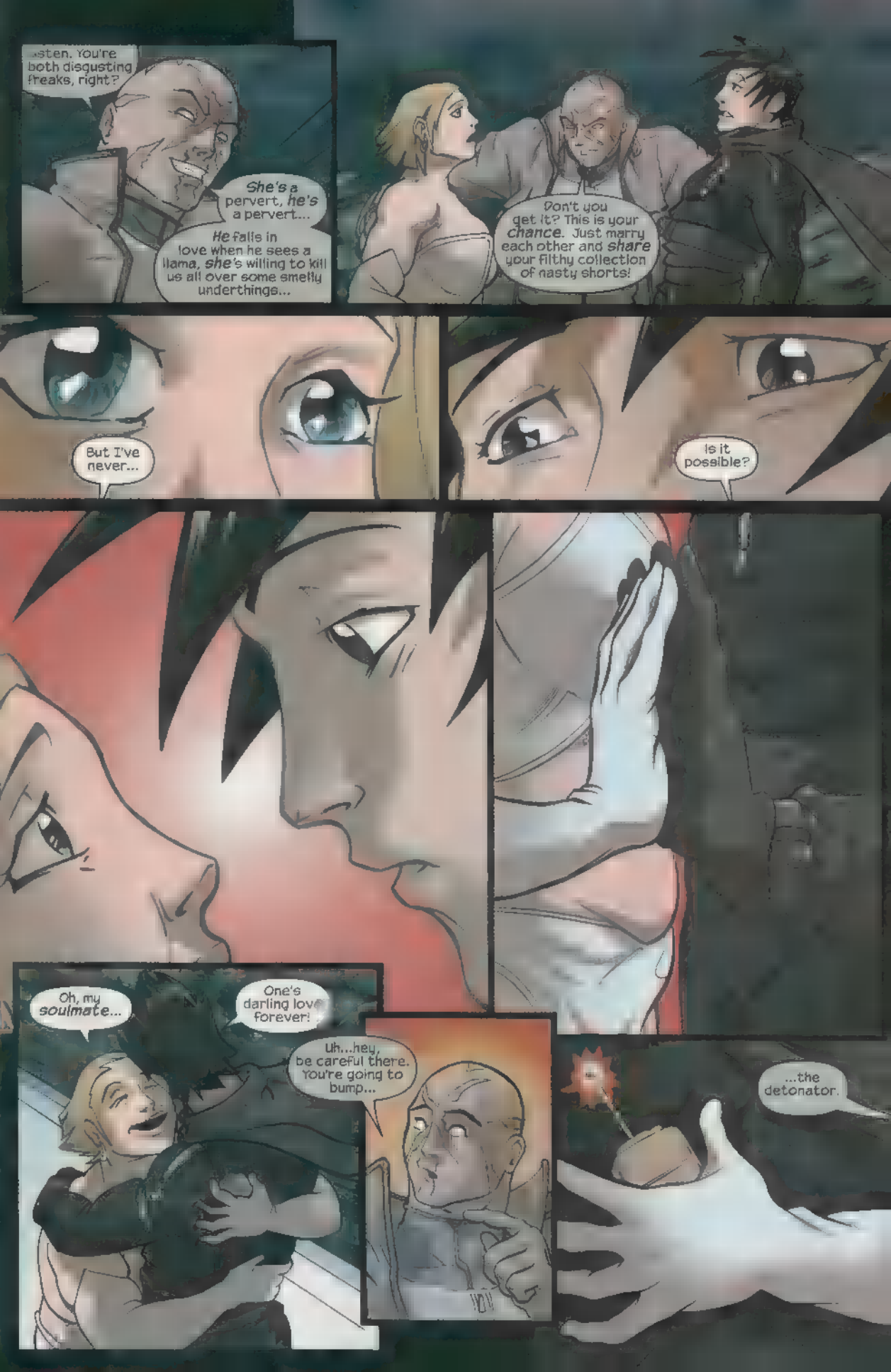
My *face!*

Ack! Nooooo!

Haven't you guys learned to value *human life* over *material possessions?*

Have you dateless wonders not figured this out yet? It's *obvious!*

You two are *made* for each other.


...sten. You're both disgusting freaks, right?
She's a pervert, he's a pervert...
He falls in love when he sees a llama, she's willing to kill us all over some smelly underthings...
Don't you get it? This is your chance. Just marry each other and share your filthy collection of nasty shorts!
But I've never...
Is it possible?
Oh, my soulmate...
One's darling love forever!
Uh...hey, be careful there. You're going to bump...
...the detonator.

Hey!
These are *mine*,
dammit!

Ah, Sir William, there you are. Found these for ya.
I think they belonged to either Henry the VIII or Mr. Ed.
It's difficult to say for sure.
the pain... exquisite.
Yeah, true love can be rough. I think your lady landed over there, and over there, and a little bit over there.
When do I get paid for today?

After getting paid, back at the park.

...and when I said that, it just *hit* me. *Bam!*

We don't have to be like those two. We could all work together, watch each other's backs. Be a real ***team***.

Because, look, we may not all *love* each other, but you have to admit, together, when it came down to it, when it *counted*...

...we kicked *ass*.

Sandi says we're ***swamped*** with jobs. Let's do it...

Alex...

...let's make *Agency X* the real deal.

Commissions, vacation, medical, dental, the ***works***.

Look, I'm already plenty busy...

That's not the point.
The point is: we don't have to be alone.
Not interested.
But...
I like being alone. Sorry.
Maybe I'll stop by for pay-per-view sometime, but I'm out.
And, Alex, I've been tryin' to tell you.
It's my daddy. He's real sick.
I'm goin' back to Texas. Maybe just for a few weeks. Maybe a little longer...
But...I thought, you and me...
Don't make it harder than it needs to be.
Please.

Why don't you go, Alex. Do what makes you happy.

Inez...

I... can't. I just got here.

Well...

I ain't gonna cry, if that's what y'all are thinkin'.

You'll see-- you'll be back in no time!

Take care of him.

It's a good idea. You'll make it work.

I wish y'all the best.

Good luck.

Good luck to *all* of us.

Well?
What do I *think*, you mean?
I think you've made my life a lot more dangerous, but I like it.
And I think this park is going to need a serious, serious makeover. But above all...
Can't get rid of me, so don't bother trying.
Well, then... I think we have the makings of a fine pain-for-pay organization. This calls for onion rings.
...I think you were always meant to be a *star*, Alex.
I'm staying. We'll do it *alone* if we have to.
You're missing out, Tasky. But thanks for not punking out when we needed you.
Here. In case you ever need help from the very *best*.
AGENCY X
Jobs done, questions none
Agent available 24 hours
No moral judgments made
NEXT MONTH: A SOLO AGENT X ADVENTURE AS ALEX FACES OFF AGAINST THE INVISIBLE MAN!